HEN Captain Miles Standish, with his little company of 16 hardy pilgrims, discovered the first fresh water encountered by the Mayflower explorers after landing at what is believed to be East Harbor creek, on the shores of Cape

Cod, the party sat down and drank, and as Mount' records in his journal or story: "We were heartily glad and drunke our first New England water with as

much delight as ever we drunke drink in all our lives." Thus was, with "Bisket and Holland Cheese, and a bottle of aquavite," the first New England Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the noon of Novem-

ber 26, 1620, around "a fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong."

Later these hardy adventurers were able to feast on wild fowl and venison in plenty, as have those who - came after them even unto the present day, for the forests of the cape abound with game, and the waters with fishes very much as in the days of the little Pilgrim band who in the Mayflower's cabin signed the first New England charter.

Although not set down in the laws, the reunion feast became an informal annual function, and there can be but little doubt that Thanksgiving day as known to us of the present had its origin in and was inspired by the ability of the pilgrim band to soften the strong waters of the hospitable Dutch with the spring waters of the new world, by chance shall we say? Or to what cause shall we credit the selection of the last week of November for the day of feasting and prayer now so eagerly looked for and as carefully observed as Christmas, the New

Year or Independence Day? The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every country has one or more days set apart to commemorate independence or the granting of some great boon to its people that may be considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land. Thanksgiving day begins the winter season.

Wherever you find an American you will, as the month of November wanes, find one who thinks more of being at home or at the home of intimate friends for Thanksgiving day. Clubs, hotels, public institutions, all see to it that their patrons, members or inmates are provided with a sumptuous repast for the one great feast day. and whenever and wherever possible a great, fat turkey graces the board.

The turkey should be our national bird, as it is or, rather, was everywhere in a wild state. and helped the original colonists to provide for their families. It has for 300 years been the chief feature at all important strictly American banquets, and may be safely called our greatest national food delicacy. The Spanlards in Florida, French in Louisiana, Pilgrims in Cape Cod and founders of the Virginia company all found the wild turkey ready for the sport and table in this their new home, and the American of today, from the president of the United States to the hum-

blest citizen of the country, will enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

If one would enjoy a good old fashioned Thanksgiving day at its best the true road to the feast lies in the country. Thanksgiving on the farm is something to be remembered. There the whole family is taken into consideration, and it is safe to say that each individual member has been preparing for the day almost ever since the celebration of the last one.

Stores of mince, apple and pumpkin pies have been baked and range on the broad shelves of the store room; apple sauce, preserves, with home-made pickles, "put down" months before required for use; stores of grapes, apples, pears and nuts, carefully looked over; a goodly ham, freshened in cold

water 24 hours, then carefully wiped dry and placed in a pot of cider to boil 15 minutes to the pound; a loin of pork, roasted to a rich, golden brown, to be served with apple sauce, and the feature of the feast-a turkey, fattened to about the 20-pound mark, the pride of the farmer and the joy of his wife.

The turkey, hatched on the farm and as carefully watched as any member of the family, fattened on grain and meal with a mixture of chopped nut meats to give it the proper flavor, killed one week before the feast and hung in an outhouse, where it is kept cold, but will not be injured by the frost, is brought in the night before for final treatment before being consigned to

The great bird is carefully picked and drawn, the interior wiped out, not washed, which would destroy the flavor, and filled with what is known in the country as "the stuffin"," a thick mixture of sausage meat, bread crumbs and eggs, with just a faint touch of sage and onlon. When prepared and placed in the huge oven to roast it becomes the duty of one cook to watch the oven and baste the roast until it is evident to the practised eye of the heroine of many such conflicts that the turkey is ready to be served with fresh made cranberry sauce and a rich gravy, in which all the giblets have been stirred with some wellbalanced chestnuts. Now, everything being ready, the family and guests (and there are sure to be guests in country at a country Thanksgiving dinner) troop into the long dining room, to find the by Elizabeth. repast not only ready, but served with all the pomp and state the feast deserves.

The turkey is placed before the host, while the roast loin of young plg graces the opposite wait until I get you at arms' length. end of the table, with the boiled ham in the center, flanked with mashed white and baked sweet lovely. And stay all night, can't you? potatoes, turnips and cauliflower, with boats of gravy and bowls of sauce within easy reach of go tomorrow. You've got to give me all. "Now pass up your plates," is requested from a week at least. Won't we have a each end of the table, and the oftener this repeated advice is followed the more the face of But you must stay. Don't be a minthe good matron glows with satisfaction. The ute late. Goodby." great pitchers of foaming cider pass along the board and the diner at a farm Thanksgiving feast | do?" asked Elizabeth, as she hung up finds it all so novel and good that the vision the receiver with a nervous bang and comes up before him frequently while struggling faced her husband. with a complicated menu at his club or some hotel or mincing through the series of problems pre- like to know. There's nothing to do sented at a French or Italian table d'hote dinner. but make Don give up his room and

On every Yankee warship in the hot lands of the far away Malay islands, Cuba, Guam, Panama, clean that room at once! It's the the Sandwich islands and under the flag that worst looking place I ever saw." floats over every American consul's home or office Thanksgiving day will be celebrated, and, the stairs he was surprised to find his like another stitch in the great bed quilt of liberty special sanctum undergoing an unand independence will knit the fabric closer together.

We do well to have a Thanksgiving feast. We thank the great Creator for our being, our sturdy his sister commanded. forefathers for our great country, our Burly British ancestors for our love of country and good things to eat, our bustling energy for rapid progress, our wives and mothers for domestic atmosphere that makes life enjoyable and success | that left no room for comments. And certain and the rulers we have placed in power for unparalleled prosperity.

"I'm going to a wedding, too." The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round be

"Whose?" In coming to her rescue ! had forgotten that no questions were asked

"My brother's," she replied, some

"Perhaps her brother is to marry my

sister." The young man had heard her answer. "She is to marry a California chap that I have never seen. barely know that his name is Har-

"Will Harmon?" Agata the girl was startled out of her corner. "My broth-

we are almost relatives." Genevieve rose with as much dig-

nity as she could command under the circumstances. "Miss Harmon, allow mean." me to introduce to you Mr. Jenkins." Our dinner was over, as everything

the cups and saucers back to the din ing car, and cleared away the paper sacks and crumbs. The golden-haired girl sat alone no

more on that train, and the young man trick on me?" over the back of our seat.

"There may be more than one wed-

"That is the romance of our Thanks-

'Now, her mother can't blame us, put in Genevieve, "for they would have BY BLANCHE TANNER DILLIN



would know enough to stay at home on Thanks giving! Any one of sense would know families like to be alone one day in the year." Elizabeth threw down the letter she had been reading

"Why, Elizabeth, what's this all about?" asked her husband. "I suppose you won't think it is any-

thing, but it just spoils our day together. We weren't going to have any one here tomorrow except the family, and now Gertrude Allison has written that she will be out in the afternoon.

"Here comes Don. Perhaps he can suggest a way out of your troubles," said her husband with evident relief. "Hello, sis, what's the matter? You look as black as a thunder cloud. I see, had a quarrel with Tom, and the first year, too. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Leonard."

"Don't be silly, Don," his sister pouted. "I suppose you will disagree with me just as Tom did. Here's a letter from Gertrude saying she will | Managed by northern hotel man. Large be here on Thanksgiving."

"Well, sister mine, may I ask the cause of your displeasure?"

"The cause! That's just like a man. Can't you see, either, that we want to be alone on that day?" "Poor Betsy! Shall I telegraph,

please stay at home and-?" "Do stop your nonsense, Don. suppose I am foolish, but I thought we'd have such a good time together."

Only the family wanted. Others will

Elizabeth sighed. About an hour before dinner time the telephone rang and was answered

"Hello! Who is it? O, Gertrude! Well, well, old girl, are you actually there? Glad? I guess I am. Just Coming out to dinner? Oh, that's Good! You needn't think I'll let you good time talking over old times?

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what'll I

"Where am I going to put her, I'd go to the hotel. And, oh-I'll have to

Half an hour later as Don mounted usual process.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Don't you dare to come in here!"

"Certainly not if you don't wish." "Go down and tell Nora to put on an extra plate. Gertrude is coming to dinner," Elizabeth added in a tone Don obeyed, speechless for once. Dinner was ready, but there was no

sign of Gertrude. "Let's sit down and eat," suggested

The bell rang. "There she is now,

sis," said Don. "Go and give her a "I can't understand it," said Eliza-



beth, as she returned in a few minutes with an open letter in her hand. "Can't understand what?" she was

"Why, here's a special delivery from Gertrude saying she will not be in the city until tomorrow. What does it mean? She just telephoned me an hour ago that she would be here to dinner.

Don threw up both hands and

laughed. "Ha! Ha! Betsy, Betsy! I'll bet on Betsy every time!" He threw himself on the lounge and smothered his face in the pillows.

"Stop rolling round that way and tell me what the matter is!" Elizabeth commanded.

"You're a great girl! But then women are all alike." "Tell me this instant what you

Don rose from the couch, and dropping upon one knee before the offended mistress of the house he said: "Sister, mine, forgive me if you can, but I couldn't resist the temptation."

"Get up! Get up, I say! Do you mean to tell me that you played that

"Betsy, you made such a fuss about zines. They may have been talking Gertrude's coming that I thought I'd like to see how you would act if the lady herself should happen to an-Lake City, our Israelite "relative" said nounce such a mad possibility, so I went to the corner telephone-and tound out!"

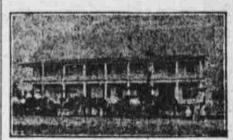
"Donald Warner, you are a mean thing-the meanest thing on earth!' His sister dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Poor dear, it was a shamebase trick!" Don admitted contritely as he patted her head and deferred to the faces of the smiling group. "Bu just think sister, my room is cleaned."

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"I can't stay long?" said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band." "Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," replied the old mammy, "doan' come to me! I can't even play a mouf-organ."-

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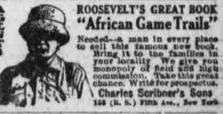
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O COUCHS & COLDS

## THE REUNION

A Story of a Thanksgiving in a Tourist Car :: :: By MINNIE E. OLIPHANT.

geles, and slowly creeping across Death valley. Our thoughts were with the folks at home, who were getting ready for the Thanksgiving dinner, but we were talking of other things. Words are slow unless thoughts are producing them, and, therefore, the conver-

sation lagged. Finally, Genevieve turned to me ily reunion." with the smile she always wore when a good plain plan had just struck

"Let's make believe," she suggested, that the passengers in this coach are all relatives, and let's have a family reunion and Thanksgiving din-

"How can we?" I asked.

"I'll go around and tell them that this is Thanksgiving, and we are all relations, and they are invited to our section for a family reunion, and that

I looked around the car to see what our "relations" appeared to be like. Just back of our section was a young man with a fretful baby, and little three year-old girl. He seemed so tired, but patient, though awkward, with the children. I had heard him toil the young man who wore a striped aweater, and sat across the alsle, that he had just lost his wife and was taking the children back to their grandmother in Obio. The young man in the sweater lolled around in his section, dividing his time between a magazine, the Los Angeles papers and the desert scenery outside. Back of him down to the end of the car, giving each sat a middle-aged Jow, who talked to no one, and looked at nothing in particular, as if he had forgotten where put the matter before him. he was: Just before us was a young "We are to have a family reunion," saked for re indy, and all we knew about her was she began, but seeing a shadow pass name over a that she had golden but puffed out in over his face, hastened to add: "This glad about

with a slender, ringless hand.

Genevieve was taking an inventory of our supplies.

"Go on with your invitations," I adlook after the table."

She stepped back down the alsle and stood with her hand on the seat in Genevieve and I were riding in a front of our Jewish "friend to be." tourist car, headed away from Los An- beg your pardon," she began, "but I children won't disturb the party." want to invite you to come to our-Thanksgiving dinner, and to furnish your share of it."

smiled, as he lifted his hat, "but where | golden-haired lady. is your dinner to be?"

"Down there where my sister is sitting." She nodded her head in my direction. "We are going to have a fam-

"Where is your family?" His smile broadened.

"All in this coach who will come." Here the young man in the sweater put together." urned round, and she addressed him. Will you come, too? And-?"

"With pleasure, if I can be of any assistance."

"You can assist by furnishing something toward the dinner." He pushed his hand down into his

pocket. "I have a piece of chocolate and two sticks of chewing gum, which they are to furnish their own share of are at your disposal." The frank smile on the young man's face revealed no tendency toward freshness, but the er told me not to get acquainted with older man, not being able to see his face, feared that he was inclined to thing might happen, because I have make sport of my sister. Therefore, never been out of California before, he leaned forward and said: "There is and she is afraid for me to take such a diner on, and I think we could go a long trip alone."

in-"No, no," interrupted Genevieve; we don't want to go into the diner. We want a 'make believe' family reunion here in our 'private' car." Then turning to the young man, "Chocolate and chewing gum are acceptable, if

they are the best you have." The man with the children had been of them a drink, and returned to his and our Jewish "relative" brought out

the back, and that she tucked her, is Thanksgiving, and we are all away | I saw the young man in the sweater scolding locks up every few minutes from home, so my sister and I decided give the golden-haired girl a look that And these were to form our family in this car, belong to our family, and | dainty appetite and silence, or wheth- sister's welcome." party.

While I was studying the people, a Thanksgiving dinner." vised, "and, if they are accepted, I will little one in her arms. "You see that going to have a new brother next the baby is willing, and a little child week."

should lead you." "Oh, of course, we will be glad to accept your kind invitation. If my

"No, indeed," she assured him, "we need children to make a Thanksgiving | hind me. dinner complete," and, with the baby "Thank you," he looked up and in her arms, she walked down to the

"Will you join us in our dinner

party?" "Thank you," returned the girl, "but

have my dinner with me." "Very good! We want you to put your dinner in with ours, and from the size of your basket, I should imagine you have more than all the rest of us

"But I am going to Chicago," the young lady protested, "and I must

make my lunch do for all the way." "Oh, I see, you are afraid we will eat too much of it." She laughed, sitting down beside the girl, and still holding the baby in her arms. "If you will eat with us, you won't need to open your basket. It is not your food

we want, but you." The girl still hesitated. "My mothpeople on the train, for fear some-

"Are you afraid of me and this baby?" asked Genevieve,

"Oh, no, I'm not afraid of ladies, but mustn't speak to gentlemen, unless I am introduced to them." "Well, my dear girl, we won't enjoy our dinner party just behind you here.

knowing that you are eating all alone." The young man in the sweater told of his last Thankegiving in Alaska, seat, just as Genevieve was ready to the best jokes he had in stock. We put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion," saked for more. Then we agreed to name over some of the things we were

to play that you, and everybody else | made me wonder if he had noticed her to invite you home to our section, for er he was glad to have her present at our reunion. "I am getting back to He saw what she meant, and the Chicago," he said, "to attend my sisbaby reached out toward her, as if it ter's wedding, and I suppose that I understood, too. Genevieve took the ought to add that I am thankful I am

to be asked.

where back of my shoulder.

er Will is to marry Miss Jenkins." "Sure enough!" The young man reached across me. "Shake hands, for

eatable was gone. The porter carried

with the sweater read no more magaabout the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt

ding.

giving dinner," suggested the father of the children, whose baby was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

net in a few days, rayway."